THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 5.

HUDSON, AUGUST 23, 1802.

FOR THE WASP.

COMMUNICATION.

THE federaliſts aſſert that in "The Proſpect before us," George Waſhington was accuſed of the fouleſt crimes; that he was charged with the vileſt corruption, and in expreſs terms called a "perjurer, a traitor and a robber;" that the ſacred ſorrows of his mourning countrymen were there ridiculed and blackguarded—and that for writing this book, Mr. Jefferſon, after he had peruſed it, ſent a letter of approbation by the hands of one George Jefferſon, together with one hundred dollars to Callender its infamous author. Theſe facts the democrats admit, but with all the little arts of imbecile guilt, endeavor to juſtify the tranſaction. They declare that the one hundred dollars were *charity* to Callender. Good heaven! Is it poſſible that one American, one freeman exiſts, who can view the innumerable bleſſings which every day thicken around him—who can reflect, that to ſecure theſe, Waſhington devoted the flower of his life to toils, and dangers, and yet beſtow his aid in ſhielding from indignation and contempt his malignant, envious, ſlanderers? Yes, ſuch men are. Such men declare it was a *virtuous act*—it was *charity* to a wretch whoſe leaſt crime they at the ſame time declare was "habitual drunkenneſs." But, ye vipers, from your own mouths I will condemn you. For one moment I admit your plea. I grant for a moment that he who never before opened his hand but to the calls of intereſt, or revenge, has now at the beck of charity poured his much loved treaſures into the pocket of Callender. But when was this done? Immediately after Jefferſon had peruſed the book. Immediately after he had ſwallowed thoſe floods of calumnies, thoſe gigantic and infernal falſhoods which defiled every page of it.

It amounts to this then. He read the book, and from that book inferred, that Callender was an object of charity. What! one who preſented a face bloated with vices, a heart black as hell—one who could be guilty of ſuch foul falſhoods, ſuch vile aſperſions of the beſt and the greateſt man the world has yet known—he an object of charity! no! he is the very man, that an aſpiring, mean, and hollow hypocrite would preſs into the ſervice of crime. He is preciſely qualified to become a tool—to ſpit the venom, and ſcatter the malicious, poiſon-

ous ſlanders, of his employer.—He in ſhort is the very man that a diſſembling patriot, a pretended "man of the people" would employ to plunge for him the dagger, or to adminiſter the arſenic. But, fellow citizens, bring this ſubject to your own doors, view it in every poſſible point, and then judge. Suppoſe a mendicant ſhould appear at your doors, drunk, his mouth ſtreaming with profanity, in ſhort the very picture of vice and deformity, and aſk for charity—what *would be*, what *ought to be* your anſwer? But ſuppoſe this mendicant ſhould continually, villify your beſt friends and all thoſe whom you moſt reſpected—nay! while one hand was proffered for the reception of your money you ſhould behold in the other a dagger ſtill reeking with the blood of your neareſt and deareſt patron. —Would you think ſuch a man entitled to *charity*—would you, inſtead of dragging the aſſaſſin to juſtice or ſpurning him indignantly from your door, give him one hundred dollars, and ſay to him—go, I approve your conduct and am happy to tender you this homage of my reſpects. Yet worſe—infinitely worſe was the conduct of Mr. Jefferſon—He knew that Callender was a common drunkard—He knew that he was a bloated lump of corruption—He knew that Callender was daily aiming his envenomed dagger at every thing virtuous or comely in the country. He had juſt witneſſed an helliſh attempt to aſſaſſinate the fair and unſpotted reputation of Waſhington, that beſt of patriots, that moſt faithful of citizens. And yet *at this time*, Mr. Jefferſon could calmly approbate his conduct. At this time Mr. Jefferſon could encourage and reward the ſacriligious villain with one hundred dollars. And this is *virtue!* this is charity! Yes! when the kiſs of Judas can be called fidelity—when the choſen ſpirits of hell can boaſt of holineſs—then and not till then ſhall this act be deemed *charity*.

ANTI-CALUMNIATOR.

FOR THE WASP.

A BREAKFAST FOR THE PITTSFIELD "SUN."

THERE is a pigmy paper, printed in Pittsfield, Maſſ. ycleped "The Sun;" but reſembling, in all its qualities, a ſpeck in that luminary. This miſerable little thing, is noted for nothing but its ſervile attempts to ape that *ſtrong-hold* of Satan, the Aurora. Its editors are ſaid to be judge Skinner,* of Williamſtown; lawyer Bidwell, of Stockbridge; Friar Bacon, the wonderful logician, and "moving ſpeaker;"† Parſon Leland, the Cheſhire cheeſe-monger; Parſon Allen, the Patriarch of Pittsfield; ‡Tom Allen, ſon of the parſon, and ſeveral more methodiſt parſons, and Berkſhire petifoggers. This motly club of Jacobin Parſons, Judges, Lawyers and Pedagogues, hired or bought a "ſmart Preſſman," pretty much as our democrats have lately "hired or *bought*" Holt. And, altogether, they produce weekly as deſpicable a meſs of nonſenſe, meanneſs, vulgarity and ridiculous falſhoods, as perhaps any jacobin paper of the ſize in Maſſachuſetts. This junto have often felt the ſcourge of truth, applied to them by the editor of the "Weſtern Star." He has, often, bared them to the very bones and expoſed their foulneſs to the deteſtation of the public. Such corrections, though diſagreeable to the corrector, are nevertheleſs frequently neceſſary. And I hope that Editor will never ceaſe to devote occaſionally a little time to this buſineſs. He holds a thong which muſt be felt—the thong of truth and reaſon. I pledge myſelf to give him my aſſiſtance "to laſh the raſcals naked though the world," and even to "make of them a negative inſtruction to ſociety." Perhaps there never aſſociated, for viler purpoſes, a more deſigning or a leſs worthy ſet of men. They are frequently canting in their paper about the impropriety of Clergymen's dabbling in politics. Why, you graceleſs boobies! does not your paper groan weekly with the drivelling productions of Prieſts? Who has written ſo many paragraphs in your paper, to prove that Jefferſon's ſpeech about "twenty Gods or no God" was an article of chriſtian faith? Who has ſneered at chriſtianity, and blackguarded every clergyman who is not a jacobin—who will not, in the face of truth and conviction, acknowledge your preſident a chriſtian? Who wrote thoſe pieces. panegyrizing that foulеſt and moſt falſe of all libels, the 10th number of the "Far-

mer?" Were they not written by your own parſon Leland or Allen? Leland, poor ſoul is afflicted with a moſt ſhocking malady—a luſt for fame and honors. Yea! verily his pious ſoul thirſteth for fame and applauſe; and it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected a moderate ſhare of the loaves and fiſhes would be no unkindly medicine for his diſtemper. Therefore he ſcribbles for the Sun. Therefore he labors in the filthy and wicked cauſe of democracy. But all in vain. He was born for juſt what he is. He never can, nor ever did (except when mounted on his own mammoth-cheeſe) riſe higher than a methodiſt preacher in ſome Cheſhire ſchool-houſe. And do you, ye hypocrites, ye ſcribbling pretenders to ſanctity, with theſe facts ſtaring in your faces, do you preach againſt clergymen's "meddling with politics?" Pluck from your own eyes a cart-load of beams, and then will you behold in their true colours, the falſhoods and ſlanders you are weekly ſpreading. Then will you ſee the abſurdity of your charges, and in ſome moment of contrition, like your brother Callender, you will perhaps retract them, and thus, in ſome little meaſure, attone for your guilt.

ONE WHO KNOWS YOU ALL.

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* Some anecdotes of this judge shall soon appear, he is well known to me, and ought to be to the public.

† This man exhibited last winter at Washington. He is said to be a most *comical* actor. While speaking, his audience both democratic and federal, were always convulsed with laughter—occasioned partly by his droll gestures and motions. In the course of one speech he was frequently seen to traverse congress hall, in every direction—hence he was nicknamed by his own party the "moving speaker." But the drolleſt of all his manoeuvres was his manner of handling a muſket, of which he was remarkably fond, and which he, pleaſantly enough, called his "logical blunderbuss." Sometimes, when he ſtood cocked and primed, and the game in full view and the ſpectators, expecting its inſtant death, by ſome unaccountable manœuvre, the charge would fly out at the wrong end, and laid the poor Friar ſprawling on the floor. Like ſquire M'Fingal's logical muſquet, which,

Though well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bore wide, and knock'd its owner over.

‡ A diſipated youngſter, once a kind of lawyer, whoſe idleneſs, intellectual weakneſs, and vicious conduct, drove him from his profeſſion. It is ſaid that "the preſsman" of the "Sun" allows him a ſcanty ſupport for his wretched paragraphs.

FOR THE WASP.

TO MR. ROBERT RUSTICOAT.

FRIEND RUSTICOAT,

IN the laſt page of Holt's firſt number of the Bee, there is a long ſtory about the Britiſh Commons, and a dialogue between lord Falmouth and Mr. Pelham. On the firſt peruſal, I could not conceive, why this long ſtory and *talk* ſhould *ſhove* out more uſeful matter; but concluding that *ſuch a great genius* as the democrats ſwear Holt's Bee is, would not buz ſo much without ſtinging a little, I ſat down, reſolved to ferret out the true meaning. This I ſoon, to my ſurpriſe accompliſhed! yes, friend Ruſticoat, I do believe that cunning dog of a Holt, is going to play the deuce with his head-bound purchaſers: For that very dialogue, though their poor heads could not fathom it, is one of the moſt unmerciful "lacerations" of one of Mr. Jefferſon's ſecretaries, which I have yet witneſſed.—Only read *ſecretary Dearborn* for "Lord Falmouth," and *Jefferſon* for "Pelham," and the cat is at once out of the bag. Dearborn had ſeven ſons, ſons-in-law, and couſins, in office; all violent Jefferſonian democrats. He had one more ſon, yet, who wanted an office. He applied to Mr. Jefferſon for an order on Granger for the place of deputy-poſt-maſter in ſome village in Maine. Jefferſon refuſed, having before promiſed it to a friend of "Farmer" Lincoln. But by the conſtant application of that cogent argument, "*Mr. Jefferſon we are ſeven*" he, actually, as Holt ſays, "*in ſpite of promiſes, diſgrace and impoſſibilities, prevailed.*" "*His ſon was appointed to the poſt, and continues to enjoy it to this hour.*" Democrats! remember Callender's defection, and look well to your editor.

HORNET.

FOR THE WASP.

BEING a ſubſcriber for the Bee, I procured one of the firſt number pretty early laſt Tueſday morning—and I candidly acknowledge, I never was more vexed and diſappointed in my life—for you muſt know that 'Squire —— when he perſuaded me to ſign for the Bee, told me what a deviliſh ſmart fellow the editor was, and what a deal of help he would have at writing from 'Squire ſuch-a-one, and lawyer ſuch-a-one, and Mr. ſuch-a-one—and what a trimming he would give the federaliſts—I ſearched the paper all through to find ſome bitter piece—but nothing could I make and ſcrape, that looked like blackguarding, except ſome curſed back-handed ſtrokes againſt we democrats, about pay—pay—money—money; as if Holt thought that we "republicans" here were as bad as his cuſtomers in Connecticut, whom he almoſt dunned to death before he came away.—But what affronted me moſt of all, was, that confounded "REBUS—*in point.*"

"TAKE the latter four fifths of our insects produce,
"And a thousand when shortest set down;
"Then prefix this to that and 'twill show what we want
"From each patron in country and town."

Now I knew what this meant when I was a little boy. And what if Holt does want *Money* ſo very bad?—he need not ſpeak right out about it in public.

A DEMOCRAT, IN EARNEST.

FOR THE WASP.

'SQUIRE RUSTICOAT,

If you will insert the following Song, you will oblige a democrat. It does not come in rhyme, quite so good as might be expected, but that's no matter. It's in the old tune—

Yankee Doodle.

WELL, now the Bee has come to town,
A deuced pretty thing, sir;
Fed'rals now must mind their eye,
Or they will feel its sting, sir.

CHORUS.

Raise ev'ry democratic voice,
And braise the Bee so handy,
Hail! ye democrats! rejoice!
For Charley is the dandy.

The democrats are tearing lads,
When once they get a-going;
For Grannum says, that Uncle John
Will beat two feds at mowing.

I'll warrant Holt will shew them all
That Jefferson's the dandy;
And Callender may tell the truth,
Which he'll refute so handy.

As well as Robert Rusticoat,
We now can all be 'squires;
And just as easy as Duane
Can all be proved liars.*

Holt says, the table he will spread,
And we must bring the dishes;
Then we will fight for the first snatch
At all the "loaves and fishes."

Now every democrat that's got
A peck of salt to sell, sir,
Must advertise it in the Bee,
"'Tis like a crier's bell," sir.

Sir Pious now, can tell his flock
Without a pulpit lecture,
That he has got good harvest rum,
From *Santa Cruze* direct, sir.

We'll set our democratic trap,
A curious one, you see, sir,
Again mechanic youths to snap,
To help support the Bee, sir.

CHORUS.

Raise, &c.

JONATHAN WAVER.

* The democrats must depress their voices when they come to this line; or, if their consciences should prove troublesome, they may skip to the next.

The following is the introduction of the Bee's proem:—

"THE BEE,
"INFLEXIBLE in truth,
"As manhood hardy, bland as youth,
"With VICE and FOLLY dares engage,
"And boldly try to mend the age.

"Supported by the sons of science,
"It bids DETRACTION bold defiance;
"Dares yellow ENVY do its worst,
"And throttles wicked MALICE first."

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

THE BEE,
A BITTER foe to truth,
As villain harden'd, weak as youth,
In VICE and FOLLY dares engage,
And basely try to spoil the age.

Supported by the sons of faction
It boldly deals in black DETRACTION;
With ENVY arm'd, it does its worst,
And dabbles in wicked MALICE first.

FOR THE WASP.

PARODY ON PARODY;

OR,

AN EULOGY ON FOLLY.

BY *PHILO PARODISTICUS.*

Addressed "to the Juvenile Parodist No. 1" in No. 1 of the Bee.

BLEST he, who in Apollo's spite,
Though envious folks may carp,
To entertain us, and delight,
Tunes up his twanging Jews-Harp.

2. Who in quaint madrigal and song
Doth place his chief delight;
Who scribbles verses all day long,
And dreams of them by night.

3. He like the pole, by justice rais'd,
For punishing offence,
Shall stand (by folly's vot'ries prais'd)
A gibbet for good sense.

4. As whet-stone smooth, or china mug,
Shall his enjoyment shine,
While nonsense sets his head agog,
Like brandy or like wine,

5. Not so, of hapless wits the lot,
What vain desires they form;
Their satire's blown away to nought,
Like chaff before the storm.

6. Such wits in honor shall not stand
Before dame folly's face;
When kindly she at her right hand
Appoints her vot'ries place.

7. Folly points out the way to man,
And bids him be a fool,
Bids him write nonsense while he can,
Nor care for ridicule.

The editor of the Bee is requested to serve up this "light dish after a meal of more weighty affairs."

FOR THE WASP.

A STRING OF REBUSES.

"ALL IN POINT."

No. *I.*

TAKE the whole of the virtue our insect produces,
And by just observation you'll find,
Altho' you may doubt or dispute of its uses,
It dwells in a democrat's mind.

No. *II.*

THE half of a step which horses oft prance
The reverse of what lofty appears, [in,
The initial of things, which oft we dance in,
Will tell what each jacobin fears.

No. *III.*

TAKE the first four fifths of the Bee's sweet produce,
And the name of the dwelling of swine,
These ingredients together combine,
'Twill tell you what meets with the demo's abuse.

☞ *Second editions of the three first numbers of the* WASP, *will be struck off in a few days. When such as are deficient in any of the numbers, may receive them on application.*

☞ *Correspondents are desired to excuse omissions.*

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,

BY *HARRY CROSWELL,*

FOR THE EDITOR.